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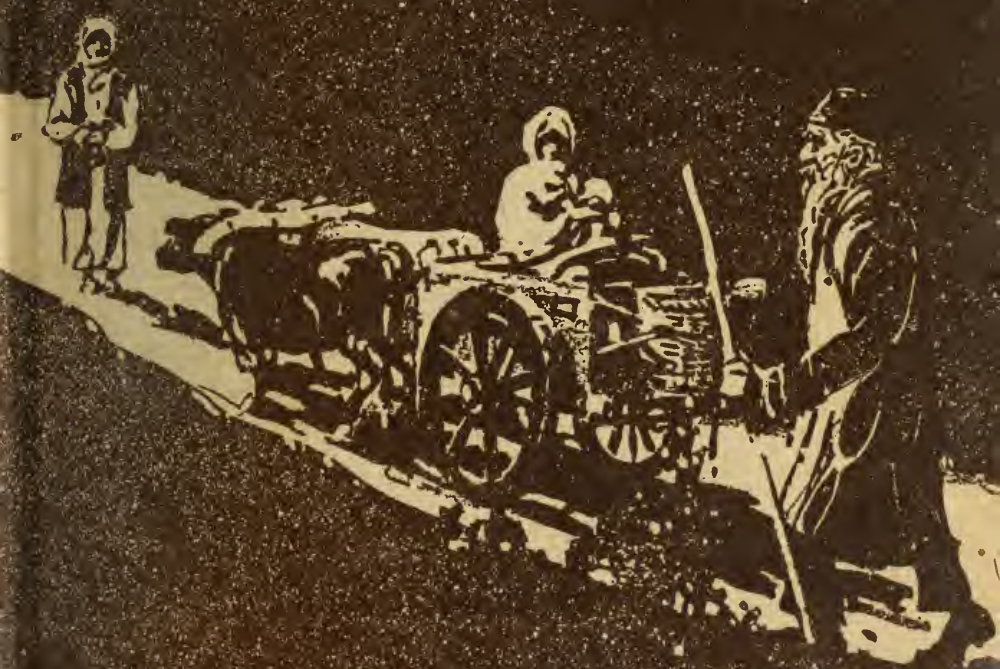

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

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Frances C. Gage at the time of graduation from college, 1890

THE ROAD AHEAD

Experiences in the Life of Frances C. Gage

BY

ELIZABETH WILSON

AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS OF ASSOCIATION WORK AMONG YOUNG WOMEN"

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INTRODUCTION

FEW are granted the opportunity, and even a smaller number have the ability, to impress their personality upon two continents; Frances Gage possessed both to a marked degree. Whether among her fellow students, a teacher upon the faculty of a college, a promoter of an international organization, or a missionary in the heart of Asia Minor, by her inherent ability, her contagious devotion and her heroic consecration to the cause to which she gave her life, she was a mighty force.

It is an interesting fact that three outstanding women fitted for their task by Carleton College should have found

themselves at the same station in Anatolia, and that two of them—Miss King and Miss Gage—should there make the supreme sacrifice for the cause of Christ and humanity, while the third, Miss Willard, remained at her post during the war while the storm of conflict, pestilence and persecution raged about her.

Some lives become distinguished through length of service; others, by the intensity of fewer years. The life here briefly sketched was characterized by the intensity of its devotion and the heroism and completeness of its sacrifice. The writer of this little book has not pictured to the full the self-forgetful daring which led Miss Gage again and again, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by her intimate friend, Miss Willard, into situations

from which strong men might well have shrunk, and yet where duty seemed to call.

This little story is filled with romance, while it portrays the life of a great, big heart, balanced by a rare intelligence, in a woman not physically strong but with the courage and consecration of the apostles of old. Some thought Miss Gage was burying her splendid talent when she went to Turkey as a missionary, but now we see that through the losing of her life she found it in glorious abundance, both for the period in which she lived, and for the years of reconstruction yet to come in that stricken land. She marked out the path by which others may find the way to the field of boundless service.

I know of no more fitting story to put

into the hands of the young women of our institutions of learning than this record of an able devoted life, filled with Christian daring, and triumphant in its appeal to the womanhood of two continents for the redemption of the depressed womanhood of the East.

JAMES L. BARTON.

Boston, May 3, 1918.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Many of Frances Gage's letters were marked 'not for publication.' Many experiences or interpretations of experiences were never written because of the impossibility of sending them through the mails. Contradictory reports have been received about several events. The story can never be fully told until after the war is over and Miss Willard can correct or supplement it. Yet even with these limitations it is thought advisable to publish this brief account in order that 'her devotion to duty and her splendid Christian daring' may bring inspiration to young women of this time.

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CHAPTER I

THE GIRL THAT GREW UP

CHAPTER I

HOW far back should one go to understand the road ahead? If the road is the way of life of a real person one should certainly go back to the starting point of the journey. And Frances Cousens Gage was a real person. She was a woman who represented the best of America to girls in Turkey. More than that, she made people in America who did not even want to hear about Turkey, come to the realization that the young women of the Ottoman Empire could also obtain the best, because where Christian forces are at work, women are sure to come into their own.

Her starting point in life was Quincy, Massachusetts, in the stirring days of the sixties. This New England inheritance brought vigor of body and mind, 'the active soul,' in fact; it gave her a humorous courage which made light of circumstances visibly doleful and discouraging; it provided that quality now known as tenacity of purpose which our New England ancestors were satisfied to call 'grit'; it meant religious training and an unquestioned reliance upon the providences of God. Quincy itself was a significant birthplace for this Frances Gage whom we always think of as a hopeful traveler along hard roads, for from Quincy to tidewater ran the first railway in the United States; five miles of granite and wood and iron, con-

structed to supply material for the Bunker Hill Monument in Boston.

Then the family journeyed out to Mankato, Minnesota, where Mr. Gage was called to organize a new normal school, and it must have seemed to their friends that they were going to the jumping-off place, and a very frightful jumping-off place at that, for Mankato had been the center of the Indian Raids of 1862, and the experiences of the Western settlers were only too well known, even in New England. Eastern friends would not have been reassured by her later choice of a college town, for Northfield was the scene of a bank robbery and assassination, accomplished by a notorious bandit a few years later; in fact that is all some people know about this beautiful town, the seat of Carleton

College. Whether tales of massacres and murders in quiet villages had anything to do with Frances Gage's phenomenal courage, both in the matter of personal safety and in pioneer undertakings, one cannot say. What one can say is that no one can ever remember her being afraid of anything. She certainly was not afraid of hard work, or of facing an issue squarely. This is the reason why she became a well-educated woman instead of one half-prepared for life, and why she developed into a recognized religious leader instead of remaining a make-believe Christian. But this is the story of Carleton and must be told as such.

Carleton College is an almost perfect example of the 'co-educational denominational college of the Middle West.'

Such colleges have furnished leaders for every type of Christian enterprise in the Americas, and the distant isles and continents.

Mathematically speaking the most valuable asset of the college was its astronomical observatory, with the computations and publications there effected. Reckoning, however, in finer values than even those delicate instruments could gauge, the most precious asset was its faculty, and in colleges where young women bore off honors without surprise or apology, it was not unseemly that its most distinguished member should be a woman; Dean Evans, she would be called to-day, but in those days she bore the title 'Preceptress and Professor of English Literature and Modern Languages.'

College and preparatory students shared alike in the instruction of their teachers, and in all the college life. The girls lived in Gridley Hall, the well-appointed Ladies' Hall, which was a very vestibule to that world of culture and learning which the ' 'teen age' girls were entering. The old clock on the stairs came within the instant appreciation of all, for had not everybody learned Longfellow's poem? But the photographs of foreign scenery and architecture and paintings which lined the corridors were an unimagined revelation of

> The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome

Not very complimentary to herself were Frances' own recollections of what she was when she first went to Carleton

as a special preparatory student in 1880, expecting that those two years would be a grand good time, made up of what story books had related that school girl life could be. 'I was a very ordinary girl myself, a very foolish boarding school girl.' She may have been a very ordinary girl but she was a very pretty girl with golden hair; the real old-fashioned silky golden hair that curled around her forehead. And because she was so pretty and so clever she was sure to have a following in the pranks that she devised. If there were enough adventure attached to these pranks, they sometimes broke the rules with a loud crash. Among these adventures was the commencement exploit when an edict had been issued that undergraduates were not to accept

invitations to go driving. While faculty, seniors, alumni and guests were engaged in the decorous delights of commencement dinner, an expedition of unchaperoned girls set off, each with a gallant escort, who had appeared with a single carriage and pair at the very steps of Gridley Hall itself. This high-handedness was rather entertaining to her for at least a part of the summer afternoon that they spent in the country, but it was a very repentant Frances who came out from Miss Evans' room later on.

Her golden hair was the basis of one of her standing jokes. Her mother's old home was Sweden, Maine; hence when polite and bashful young men would be introduced to her at the college 'socials' and begin:

'Where do you come from, Miss Gage?' she would seriously reply:

'We come from Sweden. You see, there be many Scandinavians now in St. Paul, Min-ne-so-ta.' The golden hair and blue eyes made them believe this for at least a minute.

Girls living forty years later, who hear 'reverence for personality' continually referred to by religious leaders, in their efforts to help each individual make that approach to Jesus Christ which shall mean for her fullness of life and development of character, can hardly understand the situation in which Frances Gage had found herself when she was twelve. There had been a great revival meeting in St. Paul, conducted by a famous lay-preacher and his companion 'singing-evangelist.' Only

one way of entrance into the Christian life was pointed out. 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'

Confession meant public testimony and uniting with the church. And because Frances Gage was brought up in a Christian home, and joined the church with the rest of the girls after the great revival, no one found out until she told it herself long afterward, that she knew then that she was not a Christian and did not really care to be.

But at Carleton things began to shape themselves. In between her studies and her jolly times, she was watching the people who were making the Christian college; the faculty and the older stu-

dents whom she admired. She could see what estimate thoughtful people placed upon Christianity, upon Christ Himself. Then she grew into a truer knowledge of herself and her needs. She saw how wrong she had been and that she could not set herself right, and she was glad to accept Jesus as her personal Saviour. Thus she learned that entering the Christian life is a great acceptance and not a great renunciation, and was eager to find out what God had for her next.

In point of time her 'next' was a year of study in the St. Paul training school for teachers, and three years of teaching first in the grades, then in the training school itself. In point of character construction, her 'next' was the educational issue, an issue which has ship-

wrecked many a girl as promising as she. On one side she was in line of promotion in the training school, she had no money to use for study, she was already as old as most of the students who were graduating, diplomas in hand. On the other side she had health, the kind of ambition which any Christian girl in America has a right to muster, and many friends at Carleton. The enterprise did not mean going away to college so much as going back to Carleton. Carleton won.

Her economic basis for entering upon her regular college course in 1886, was laughably aired in a speech she made at a convention many years later: 'There is nothing so dear to my heart as the subject of finances. I believe it is because I didn't have any finances when

I was born. I entered college without finances; I ended college with a debt; I was burdened with it. At first I was economical—I said I wasn't able to do this and I wasn't able to do that, and I soon saw that I was going to be out of life, unless I changed my attitude.'

To be sure in those days, wisdom, whose price is above rubies, was advertised in dollars and cents at $32.00 for tuition and incidentals for the three terms, and $3.50 weekly for room and board at Gridley Hall, making the expenses 'per year about $165.00.' She was able to earn some money during her course; she taught, clerked, sewed, and computed for astronomical records. She abridged her course by a year and entered the junior class from the freshman ranks. She certainly was not 'out

of life.' The college annual, which she helped inaugurate, and named 'Algol,' as it might prove to be a variable star, and the student paper, 'The Carletonia,' are brimful of her deeds.

In a class in public speaking, for example, one of the seniors delivered an oration of the perfervid type on 'Duluth the Zenith City,' which was outdone the next day by a resident of Minneapolis rehearsing the virtues of her native soil. On the day following Miss Gage read an essay on 'The Metropolis' which every one supposed was her own city St. Paul. But the audience was filled with amazement when she announced at the close that she had described New York and not St. Paul, because it needed a boom more than St.

Paul, and because it had paid her better.

She was a charter member of the Gamma Delta Literary Society and appeared in debate and oration on its public occasions. Her college orations on 'The Human Polygon' and 'Woman's Conservative Energy vs. Her Radical Energy,' and her graduating oration, 'The Philosophy of Effort,' are like texts for her subsequent career. She was a Shakespearian Portia or a Mother Goose character, as the social function required. She was president of her class of four women and seven men as well as of all the women's organizations. She was a delegate to various Young Women's Christian Association conventions, presiding or reading the paper which she had faith-

fully prepared. Of course she was valedictorian of her class and of course when a chapter of the intercollegiate honor society Phi Beta Kappa was granted to Carleton, more than a score of years later, she was elected an alumni member, and thought of her golden key as quite worth while in student gatherings.

What an older sister she was for younger girls, especially for those whose confidences revealed that they were passing through the same experiences she had known in those first early years at Carleton!

What a refreshing, satisfying friend she was with like-minded people, those who enjoyed actually working together at life-sized tasks. She left behind at Carleton that commencement day of 1890 two friends in particular: Char-

lotte R. Willard, assistant in the mathematics department, and Martha, or Marlie, King of the class of 1891. One of their co-labors was in the Young Women's Christian Association, not the local Association alone but the state Association of Minnesota. Miss Gage was treasurer and from her home in St. Paul she used to send out receipts written in purple ink, in wide angular letters which showed, as one picked up the envelope, that what her hand found to do she did with her might. The little state committee had that year its first experience in calling a state secretary, who came one bitter February day across the Wisconsin border for a few months of visitation and organization; and who, like everyone else, fell under the spell of Frances Gage, whose efficiency was

matched only by her charm, and whose Christianity was as deep as it was wide.

We did not have then the word 'personality' coined for that dynamic of character which she possessed, and which seemed to leap up whenever her name was mentioned, especially among those who were proposing to ask her to assume some new responsibility. We simply said 'Isn't Frances Gage wonderful?'

Sometimes she was ashamed that she was so comfortable,—not conventional for she was never that. One evening we were coming back from a state committee meeting in Minneapolis, where the amateur state secretary had been introduced to Miss Willard, the chairman, and the other committee members, and we left the interurban car on a corner

across from a Gospel Mission. A faithful worker had brought a plaintive cabinet organ out to the curb and was playing and leading a hymn with but feeble assistance from his one or two companions. 'Come on,' she said with a chuckle, and we darted across and sang as loud as we could, until more workers could assemble and gather a crowd for the hall.

'Wouldn't my pupils be scandalized to see Miss Gage singing gospel hymns on the street?' she commented between verses.

Presently we walked on quietly, arm in arm. Each was thinking: In what kind of a world does one Christian think she is graciously condescending when she deigns to stand by an even braver

witness to the Gospel than she is herself? Why should we sing

> We are not divided,
> All one body we,

when we are doing our best to fix horizontal strata among God's own people, each esteeming herself a little better than the other, a little more righteous or a little more charitable?

By the spring of 1892 she began to feel that she could transfer her profession of teaching to some of the foreign fields where the Congregational Church had mission stations. Positions in a boys' school in China were proposed to her and Martha King. Miss Gage had relinquished her hope of a fellowship in the new University of Chicago, and was deliberating between the China offer and another from the Girls' School

in Marsovan, Turkey, when the bank in St. Paul in which were deposited all her savings toward paying off her college debt suddenly failed. Her father's affairs were also involved. Going away from home was out of the question. Someone else must go to China. The school in Turkey could wait.

'Anyway, I would rather teach girls than boys,' said Frances Gage.

CHAPTER II

SOMETHING MORE THAN A TOURIST

CHAPTER II

DEPARTURES:

August 5th, 1893, from Boston, Miss Frances C. Gage, Miss Martha A. King, both of Minnesota, to join the Western Turkey Mission at Marsovan.

ARRIVALS OUT:

September 14th, at Constantinople, Miss Frances C. Gage, Miss Martha A. King.

September 21st, at Marsovan, Western Turkey, Miss Frances C. Gage, Miss Martha A. King.'

This was the next stretch in the Road Ahead. It meant an Atlantic journey, sightseeing in England for a fortnight, the long water route from Liverpool to

Constantinople and a two days' trip on the Black Sea to Samsoun, all delightful enough to all intelligent persons especially if, like themselves, they were neither seasick nor homesick. But they added to the tourist interests of the American school teacher on her first trip 'abroad,' the already quickened missionary instincts; and when in Oxford, they sighed that the vast revenues of some of her twenty-one heavily endowed colleges might not be diverted for missionary work, and thrilled as they stood before the Martyrs' Memorial and realized that the same Gospel they were taking to Turkey had made Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer meet death bravely.

Their steamer was quarantined in the harbor of Samsoun, for cholera was

abroad in the land. Neither was it a peaceful country to which they had come. In February, the building of the Girls' School in Marsovan had been burned, and a conflict between terrorists and civil authorities had taken place this very month of September, just as the party from the American Mission left for the coast to welcome the new arrivals. But epidemic disease and political struggle were incidental, and the girls responded heartily to the royal Oriental greetings.

'*Khosh gelding, Khosh gelding*' ('you are welcome') said the pastor of the Samsoun church, as he approached them at the dock. They had learned one Turkish phrase and replied '*Khasta —but—duc*' ('we come gladly') from the bottom of their hearts. Off they all

started, over the beautiful Anatolian Mountains, under the same blue sky that had arched above the first generation of Christians, 'the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion in Pontus' to whom the Apostle Peter had written a circular letter which we call his First Epistle. Four teams were necessary to carry all the passengers and their luggage and equipment for steamer and inland journey. The new spring wagon of the Mission led, then came the three gaily decorated springless native wagons, the *araba*—a cross between a prairie schooner and a circus chariot. By their sides walked the native Christians who had welcomed them and who, with true Oriental courtesy, would show them out of town. Before, behind and all around them walked men, women

An araba—a cross between a prairie schooner and a circus chariot

and children of the port city who were curious to see what kind of creatures these last arrivals might prove to be.

As there were too many to ride in the spring wagon, the aristocracy of the cavalcade, they took turns in the democracy, the *arabas*. Miss Gage wrote home that she could not describe that two days' journey because the English language lacked words.

'You cannot think what it is like to climb these high mountains in a springless cart over roads consisting largely of rocks the size of your head, with no soil to speak of between the stones. Neither do you know the effect upon one's internal construction of riding over a camel path down a mountain where the foot-prints of the camel are

about a foot below the traditional surface of the ground.'

Friendly appreciation was the basis for their complete identification later on with people and things Turkish. Their consternation at meeting and passing a train of loaded camels on a precipice was soon forgotten in their enjoyment of the refreshing green trees which they saw in the distance. Their unsuccessful efforts to sleep in a khan with camels, horses, donkeys and cattle below them, and inquisitive human society beside them were forgotten as soon as daybreak called them to their morning meal of sweet white grapes and good native bread. And so they came to Marsovan where the seminary and hospital and boys' college and girls' school of sixty-five pupils testified to the two

score years of splendid administration of the American Board. They identified themselves with their new country by studying Turkish, although in such a Babel of tongues it was difficult to decide what was best, but within a fortnight they had settled down to master the language. Miss Gage's progress, in spite of occasional diversions, such as the laying of the corner stone of the new school building, and steady diversions, such as teaching four classes a day, was doubly complimented. One of the veteran missionaries remarked not long afterward, 'She can write Turkish now as fast as Hagopian can read it.' The admiring pupils said, 'Oh, you will learn quickly. God is with you!'

They identified themselves with their pupils' lives. It was quite the thing to

come to the new beautiful 'white college on the hill,' as the girls insisted on calling the institution. But their teachers always denied the title, and said they had no ambition to make it a great institution. It was not a college, but a good fitting school for a practical Christian life—the kind of Christian life that was to be lived by girls in Turkey; for a good, true heart, with a sensible mind, was good enough in any country as a basis for life here and hereafter, but here both must be trained or neither would be found. Daily study of the Bible, the King's Daughters' circles which Miss King reorganized, Miss Gage's normal class of eleven town girls who taught Sunday-school classes at home every week, all these told in the girls' lives and they began to pray and

speak from their hearts, not with the fine set speeches and formal prayers which had earlier distressed their teachers in the social meetings.

They identified themselves with their new friends in the perils of massacre always dreaded, which grew more acute in the autumn of 1895. Over a hundred students—boarding and day pupils—were enrolled in the school that season, and protecting these meant watchman duty at night for the American principal and her devoted assistant, although she pretended that putting out the fires, which they found again and again, meant little more than exercise in the practice of throwing water. Conversations were reported from among the Turks to this effect,

'When our little affair comes off where will you go?'

'I'll go to the American compound. Where will you go?'

'I'll go there too.'

'When we get there where will you go?'

'I'll go for the treasury. Where will you go?'

'I'll go to the Girls' School.'

One Friday noon the storm burst. Miss Gage and President White went to the tower of the school and heard the shots strike ping, ping, against the tower wall. She went to the school-room where the girls sat in their places at her command, hanging upon her look and action with helpless appealing gaze. They stayed only a few minutes in this room which was nearest the gate just

beyond which the murdering was going on, but they had to wait while it was being ascertained whether an attack was being made upon other parts of the premises. She was alone with the girls while the shots were coming so near that it seemed as if they were right in the room, and she could only wait and pray that the fate of the screaming victims a few rods away might not come to her girls.

But the mob was turned away and five days later it was considered safe to send back to their homes in the city such day pupils as could not arrange to enter as boarders. Except on that Friday afternoon not even a recitation hour was omitted. 'It was the best way to keep our school ready for whatever God might send.'

They identified themselves with the suffering people in the black days that followed. At the school there was a constant strain on their sympathies, since they must break bad home news first to one pupil then to another. In the city, there were bereavement, fear and misery, and poverty such that for two years or more relief measures were necessary. On one of Martha King's visits to the city to distribute flour she was exposed to smallpox, and contracted a violent case of the disease. There was no American doctor at the station then, and to no avail did Miss Gage and Miss Willard, who was spending her Sabbatical year with the two Carleton women, use all the resources at their command. If the people of the school who had known her a little over two

years could say, 'In her departure, how much sunshine have we lost!' what could Frances Gage say, who had been a college friend of 'Marlie' King, an Association fellow-worker, and a missionary colleague?

For that summer, the American Board granted an extra vacation period which made possible a trip to Europe. Vienna and Innsbruck and Munich were visited and three weeks were spent in Lucerne. Poor Miss Gage owned to being ashamed that her interest in scenery and art collections was intensified by the fact of their location. Just so much nearer as the mountains and the galleries were to the United States, so much more beautiful were they to her homesick eyes. A vacation party of Carleton tourists met them there with news

of home friends and affairs, and finally the American Board cabled permission to Miss Willard to return as a member of the Western Turkey Mission.

Not even in Turkey is life all crises.

With the school work well set up, the women teachers shared in visits to some of the 'out stations' of the Mission from time to time. From one place where the massacre had swept away one hundred and fifty men and boys, they brought back eight orphans for whom the school-girls learned to make garments from the gingham which was woven as a part of the relief work. From another place, a pupil would be recruited.

Sometimes there would be an evening service in the crude chapel, where the one light on the pulpit table shone on

the dusky faces and humble dress of a hundred earnest men and women, who had struggled through rain and mud and darkness for the words of cheer which the missionaries had brought.

This was not pleasure traveling, as they penetrated to rude little villages whose inhabitants had never before seen American or European ladies. A special charge had been laid upon them to seek out the very hamlets of mountain and valley. The women of the six million non-Moslem population were accessible to a Gospel brought to their doors, even if the women of the sixteen million Mohammedan adherents were still shut up in ignorance and polygamy and kept away from their true place in the social life of Turkey.

Sometimes their route would lie over

hot and dusty plains, with a temperature well above ninety degrees Fahrenheit, or among great rocks, where the walls of an old fortified castle might be seen, a trace, no doubt, of an ancient Genoese stronghold, occupied now only by the storks nesting on the turrets. At another time the road led straight up and over a sharp ridge of rocks, then skirted along a sidling hill cut with gullies which made the crossing most difficult. On such occasions, a score or more in number, the women and children got out and walked ahead while the men, leading the horses, hanging on the upper side of the *araba,* holding on to the lower side, and pushing from behind, brought the wagons over one at a time. Again the road followed the bed of a mountain torrent, the carts

plowed along in heavy sand or bumped down one bank and struggled up the other, worked up the stream or forded it.

At the end of one five-hour climb, they reached the station which the Government had placed on the top of the mountain for the protection of travelers. This was in the midst of a pitch pine forest; a perfect carpet of soft grass and ferns under the trees, the roadsides a glory of flowers, and through it all the singing of the nightingales. A khan offered less attractive shelter so they slept in their wagons in this lofty paradise, if one may call a place a paradise which required a soldier mounting guard over them.

Hospitality worthy of the hardship of the journey often awaited them.

First an outrider on horseback bringing salutations and a supply of fresh food, then the whole Protestant community, perhaps one family, perhaps more. One must remember that these distant places which one hastily terms 'God forsaken' were not at all out of reach of his people or his plan. Some of these church members were probably more interested in the extension of Christ's Kingdom than some of the people of the United States, whose indifferent contributions supported the Christian schools and missionaries whose preaching had brought these Christian congregations into being. After all, these expeditions were only side issues, though they soundly confirmed Miss Gage in her conviction that the lines had fallen unto her in pleasant

places. Her real work was that of being resident principal of a Christian school, and many and various were the means she used to develop 'the good, true heart and the sensible mind.' Here is one of her pictures:

'I sit in our beautiful schoolroom this morning, chaperoning a class in Arabo-Turkish taught by a young man who graduated from Anatolia College last year. The schoolroom is a perfect joy; it is so bright and clean and sunny and the girls studying in their seats look fully absorbed. The girls reciting are not making an astonishing success, I think, of their work, and the young man appears rather resigned to his fate, as if he wanted to say, "Well, being girls, they can't learn." I think both parties will have to have a lecture.'

But the next year, Frances Gage, who had given thanks that she had inherited a good constitution and seemed able to do more work every day of her life, came to the end of her strength for a season. The 1898 record closed with this announcement:

'Arrivals in the United States—October 29—at Boston, Miss Frances C. Gage, of the Western Turkey Mission.'

CHAPTER III

IN THE NEW UNITED STATES

CHAPTER III

FROM an Old World seat of antiquity embedded in the poetry and history of scores of centuries, to a section of the New World, which might be said to be in the very process of manufacture—this was the next turn in the Road Ahead.

This was a dispiriting existence for an active soul like Frances Gage; illness, visits to sanatoria, experiments in treatment with hope deferred, experiments at undertaking work again, with hope still further deferred. There was sad bereavement, too, for her mother died in February, 1899. The family removed to Oregon next year, where

Frances visited them. She returned to Boston, helped a friend in the Smith College Observatory for a while, and then in 1902, moved permanently to Portland, Oregon.

Here were mountains and roses and congenial society, and here, in the happiest way, she learned to identify herself with the great Northwest. She gloried in telling conservative easterners, among whom some might have supposed she, herself, had been lately numbered, all the astounding figures of progress. One would like to introduce a new adjective—megantic, perhaps, for the ordinary American vocabulary seems insufficient. This is what she used to tell those of us who had not moved to that part of the country bag and baggage:

'The growth of the population in the Northwest ranged according to the last census from three hundred per cent. in some places to one thousand per cent. in others.

'The great irrigation projects, opening to cultivation vast areas of desert land hitherto undeveloped, have created a rush of settlers that is sending the crowded trains west in double sections.

'Scientific farming and fruit growing are attracting a fine class of college-bred men. It is said that Hood River (Oregon) has more college men than any city of its size in the country. The magnetism of the West attracts a class of educated women as well as men.

'The extension of railroad mileage is worthy of note. With wonderful foresight, its agents detect the strategic

points, project their twin steel rails into the desert and lo! before the tin cans left by the construction camps are cleaned away, the young city is fairly started.'

Any person with a scrap of imagination likes to meet a returned missionary —not perhaps to hear an address, for the real person may not be revealed by that—as a platform speaker the returned missionary may be merely what she is often introduced as being, 'A representative of the Board.' But to know the returned missionary as a real woman, that is a different matter; to realize in looking at her that by merely shutting her eyes, she can transport herself to another continent and civilization, think in a different language, adopt unusual hours of working and

eating, and have relations of personal friendship and mutual affection with 'the heathen' or 'natives' as provincial folk at home insist upon calling the second or the sixtieth generation of Christians in a foreign land. But Frances Gage was more than a returned missionary. She was a returning missionary, as her friends had reason to know. And while she was awaiting her chance to go back, a chance dependent upon her health and the Turkish situation, she turned not to teaching, but to the work with which she had been identified in Minnesota fifteen years before.

Very natural it was for her to become the traveling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, first in Oregon, then in Washington and Idaho, and later, in Montana, as these

four states were operated by the Northwestern Field Committee, of which she was executive.

Whatever had to do with the life of young women was of interest to her. Especially did she like a movement, Christian in purpose, that could show practical accomplishments all the way along through using spiritual forces, and was distinctly a movement 'of young women, for young women, by young women.' She saw what an immediate power the Association could be in those cities in which all the civic framework was being constructed as rapidly and as permanently as if of steel and cement, and in colleges in which women were training for the leadership of an age that will out-race this one which has left us breathless.

This was the very year when the two national bodies were deciding to discontinue, in order that the city and student Associations, which had formed them, might unite in one larger and better new national organization. It was a new leader for a new movement in a new field. But the outlook of her heart was toward Turkey. If girls in the United States needed a Young Women's Christian Association, what of the girls of the Ottoman Empire, the little girls who soon grew to be old women?

Technically, she was no longer a teacher, but just as her maternal instincts had multiplied her value in the school, so her varied experience in teaching and mothering girls counted to her for success as administrator.

She was incurably domestic. Some of the best talks a visiting secretary could have with her were in an off hour, when she was skillfully trimming a hat for her beloved little niece Elizabeth, discussing new theories in religious psychology, and spring 'Hints to Home Dressmakers,' as well as the need for able employed officers in the critical vacancies on her list. The field office at one time was a cozy apartment. There she mothered the younger members of the staff and took her teacups down for out-of-town callers who came to talk business and remained to talk life. Even the motherly duty of helping people here and there to see their faults and mend their ways was not omitted. 'Someone had to tell her

the truth,' she would remark decisively, and take up the next issue.

As to the work she accomplished, there was visitation and organization. The list of city Associations in Portland, Seattle, and Spokane, was increased shortly by eight in all the four states included in her field. There was the establishment of the Northwestern Summer Conference, first meeting at Gearhart Park, later at Seaside, both on the Oregon coast, and the beginning of regular state conventions for some of the states concerned; there was public speaking, in college chapels, in drawing rooms, and great evangelistic tabernacles, before chambers of commerce and ministerial associations. When she spoke in an unorganized community or in one in which a beginning

had been made in a suite of rented rooms, happily becoming too small for the increasing work, she often spoke as if she were standing within the entrance of the new Portland building, through whose doors more than five thousand members came in and out seeking to get or seeking to give. She could visualize the rugs and pictures and the writing and reading tables; the secretaries who were not called to run an institution but to work with people; the cafeteria for people in a hurry and the tea room for people who were tired, and the private dining room for people both busy and tired perhaps, who must discuss business affairs at mealtime; and so on over the building from swimming pool and gymnasium to the highest guest rooms under the roof.

It was harder to describe the religious meetings and the dozen weekly Bible classes, the educational courses, nearly a score in number, courses in which fingers, as well as minds, could be occupied; the social gatherings at which every word in the title Young Women's Christian Association was lived up to. Most of all she loved to dwell upon the work for people not members, who came asking information about lodging, or employment, or other more intimate personal concerns; and upon all that was done outside the main building, in branches, industrial establishments, at railway terminals and trolley stations.

We had not begun then to sing 'God is working his purpose out' as we sing it to-day. But she was doing more than singing; she was co-operating in work-

ing out the divine purpose and two elements never failed to appear in whatever she did; the element of travel and the protection of girls.

Of course, she was an incessant traveler herself. We figured out one day together, traveling west, in a belated sleeping-car on what was locally termed 'The route of the great big baked potato' that if she had started at a given hour from the California-Oregon line, where her territory began, had traveled up to Portland and Spokane, across the panhandle of Idaho, over the great continental divide of Montana, and east across its plains, she might have reached the Montana-Dakota boundary of her territory only to be greeted by the headquarters secretary who might have left New York City at the same starting

moment and come via Chicago and St. Paul to the same boundary line. This came out apropos of a hurry call from Montana to which she had not been able to respond, as she received it while in Southern Oregon. For the first Washington state convention, some delegates traveled twenty-four hours coming to Bellingham, and twenty-four hours returning home. For the first summer conference, the six Montana delegates traveled each about fifteen hundred miles.

Protection of girls—of the girl she would rather have said—meant to her the protection of the privileged college girl from the danger of easy satisfactions, a self-centered life and unsound reasons for forming opinions or conduct; the protection of the unoccupied

woman against her own leisure; of the untaught girl against her own ignorance; of the uncontrolled girl against her own impulses. She held that every girl was entitled to four vital experiences; good health, a good time, a good mind, and eternal life, all these being founded from the beginning upon good morals and pinnacled in faith in Christ; and that the Spirit of God was calling upon the Young Women's Christian Association to make this abundant life accessible. It could be done for 'The Association follows in the wake of the illuminating force of the Church of Christ.'

With such a program in mind, she never lost sight of what is called 'Travelers' Aid' and with her solicitude for the safety of sensible girls who took

trips for school, for business or family affairs, and for silly girls who exposed themselves to temptation whether at home or abroad, she mingled a good detective's satisfaction in some clever pursuit, which deprived villainy of its almost certain prey and landed the villains sometimes in the strong hands of civil authorities. One such experience she described to me as follows: Hour after hour, on a tedious day trip, she had watched two well-dressed girls who had been much in evidence and had finally made the acquaintance of two men evidently belonging to the terminal city which the train would reach after dark.

'If I had tried,' she told me, 'to warn those girls of the probable intentions of their new friends, they would, no doubt,

have resented the suspicions and interference of an officious old maid. But I knew our "Travelers' Aid" secretary would meet that train, and when it pulled into the station, I walked down toward the front of the car and said to a nice looking old gentleman and lady, "Please block up the aisle so those two girls can't get off till after I do." There on the platform stood Miss B. "Get hold of those two girls behind the old lady and gentleman," I said to her and walked on and let the machine work. I looked back as I got into the car and saw her talking with the girls. The two men had disappeared. The next day, Miss B. told me that she had sent for the girls' fathers and they were going home all right. Like this? Oh, yes, all the time.'

Some of the students had to use a steamboat line en route to their school, and one time, when she was visiting them, two of them told Miss Gage of a midnight visitor to their stateroom on their up trip. He had been frightened away by an unexpected light as the suddenly awakened girl in the upper berth snapped on the electric switch. So scared and sleepy was she that all she could remember as an identifying clue was the color of the marauder's hair. When next in the headquarters city of the steamboat company, Miss Gage sought out the president in his office.

'Your boats aren't safe for my girls to ride on.'

'I know it. Tell them not to use them. I know what they're like.'

'You've got to make them safe for my girls.'

'Well, you come back next time you are in the city.'

The president was aroused to do a little detective work on his own account and sent for the crew who had been on that boat on the date she cited. They appeared in his office and he read them a lecture on the reputation of the boats in general and their responsibility for improving it in particular. All the time he was looking at the men lined up bareheaded, before him. There was only one head of hair that tallied with the information Miss Gage had given. Finally the president said:

'It's up to you men, and to make you understand I'm in earnest, I'm going to lay some of you off.' He began by

discharging the suspect then and there, and later on had the whole story from the young fellow, and a chance to help him become a decent man.

Before the prohibition advance in the Northwest, Oregon was leading in hop raising. Aside from any discussion as to the ultimate destination of the hops—and it is hard to believe that a demand for domestic and baker's yeast would require Oregon alone to produce 25,000,000 pounds of hops annually—she knew that there was moral danger involved to the pickers. The opportunity to earn much money in a brief time was calling students, city girls, and whole families from the country, as well as thousands of others of a more roving type, to the great hop-picking fields each September. News-

paper advertisements appeared in enlivening detail.

'Wanted—1,000 pickers for —— Hop Field. We pay $1.10 per 100 pounds. Perfect accommodations, good food at city prices, fine whiskey, dance five nights in the week, evangelists on Sunday.'

The Oregon State Committee got permission to set up a tent as a restaurant and social center which, with Frances Gage to manage the affair, was the redeeming influence in what might have been a moral catastrophe. She learned the 'talent' available among the pickers, and organized evening concerts. She came into personal relations with people who needed advice from a sensible Christian woman more than they needed money or food. As manager of

the dining room, one day she settled a strike, and, still later, when the cooks failed to live up to their agreement, she discharged the whole force of men, telephoned to Portland for more help and took charge of the culinary department with such skill that the hungry horde of pickers got their meals on time and never knew anything had happened. It was the 'returning missionary' who did this, and who beguiled the drudgery of some of her volunteer helpers with stories of the Turkey she knew and loved.

Every generation has had some workers of her spirit, known or unknown. This prayer of one of these old worthies she had appropriated and used in public services:

O Eternal God who hast created me to do the work of God after the manner of men, and to serve Thee in this generation, and according to my capacities; give me Thy grace that I may be a prudent spender of my time, so as I may best prevent or resist all temptation, and be profitable to the Christian commonwealth; and, by discharging all my duty, may glorify Thy name.

Take from me all slothfulness and give me a diligent and an active spirit, and wisdom to choose my employment, that I may do work proportionable to my person, and to the dignity of a Christian, and may fill up all the spaces of my time with actions of religion and charity; improving my talent intrusted to me by Thee, my Lord, that I may enter into the joy of the Lord, to partake of Thy eternal felicities, even for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.

She was in constant communication with her friends in Asia Minor and frequently saw in America old pupils and

others, chiefly Armenians who had emigrated hither. Neither the land nor its people were out of her thoughts, and she was now thinking of them in terms of the Young Women's Christian Association. In the Far East national committees and boards of native women as directors of city Associations, as well as teachers in schools, were thinking of young women in national terms. She believed that in the Near East emancipated women might also lead a Turkish national movement, in which schoolgirls and women in cities and villages either burdened with luxury or harassed by poverty, should also find the life more abundant which her own Saviour had said He came to bring.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST STRETCH

CHAPTER IV

WHEN a Christian woman weighs one heart's desire against another equally good, sometimes the disappointment of choice is avoided. God gives her both.

This is what happened to Frances Gage. She longed to return to Turkey, but she wanted to work through the Young Women's Christian Association. There were no local secretaries in the thirty Turkish Associations which had been organized from time to time during the last twenty years. The student groups were chiefly guided by the American missionaries and teachers who had been Association members

'back home' and the city groups, especially in Syria, were led by English and Continental missionaries, after the fashion of parochial branches as they had known the Christian Associations 'back home.' There was no national committee nor any certainty as to what kind of a secretary might be needed. Yet affairs so shaped themselves that she returned to Turkey in 1913 to visit her friends and became the first Young Women's Christian Association secretary there.

After all, pioneering in an old land is only a little harder than pioneering in a new.

That she was coming back to a Turkey greatly altered in the last fifteen years she knew well. That was one reason for wanting to come. Turkey

had begun to move. The status of woman had advanced. She could gain a better education and use it more freely than before. Women and children were being employed by native and foreign firms, in rug and tobacco and other manufactories. The young married women were being carried away by unworthy social ideals. 'The world is too much with us,' Frances Gage quoted more than once.

Women served as members of the provisional committee appointed to pave the way for a permanent organization of the Association movements, young men's and young women's. Whether their new secretary was a feminist or not, she certainly had the courage of her convictions to differ from a man's point of view:

'When I asked Mr. —— what he thought my traveling allowance should be for a year, he said $1,000, but that is a man's estimate and is too large, of course.'

'I met the agent of one of the large tobacco firms on the steamer, and he saw to it that I had immediate entrance to the factory. The manager is anxious to do all that can be done physically for the thousands of girls they expect to employ, and is quite ready to give us entrance for other influences, though the girls are so rude and bold that he speaks hopelessly of results. He is, of course, wrong!' Equally, of course, women must make the investigations upon which any new or comprehensive women's institution could be solidly established.

She began a tour of the whole field after a winter spent with Miss Willard at Marsovan, in the 'King School for the Deaf,' founded as a memorial to their mutual friend, Marlie King, the only school for deaf mutes in the Ottoman Empire. She wrote to Carleton friends that she really did not want to undertake this journeying, that she had knocked around so long in the great Northwest that she did not fancy doing it over the rough roads and mountains of Turkey. But a younger woman could not do it. She had command of the Turkish language without further study, and, of course, she was going! It must have been because she had just then celebrated her fiftieth birthday—she was born October 14, 1863—that she emphasized the point of age.

But it was a mighty parish and one hard to cultivate, into which she entered in March, 1914.

Now to travel by a Turkish wagon—an *araba*—does not mean that one begins by mounting the vehicle, but by preparing, according to the following recipe, the vehicle before mounting: First a wire frame at the back, over which a red comforter is tied—this makes a back and keeps out wind; two wool mattresses in the bottom to keep the floor warm and make seats; over this a steamer rug with a soap-stone and hot water bottle ready for action; toilet accommodations, alcohol lamps and lunch box. Two suit cases were placed across the front between the coachman and his fare. The gentry could then climb in through window openings

about twenty-five inches square, adjust cushions, more steamer rugs, and give the order to drive on.

Miss Willard went with her on the first itinerary beginning with the well-known sixty miles from Marsovan to the harbor at Samsoun. From Samsoun they went by boat to Constantinople, by boat and railroad to Adabazar, by railroad, boat and railroad to Brousa, and so on to Smyrna, Adana, Tarsus, Beyrout, Baalbek—for the annual meeting of missionaries of Syria and Palestine, engaged in secondary school work—Aleppo, Aintab, Marash, Talas, Cæsarea and Marsovan. Does it not sound like the missionary journey of that original traveler who set out from Tarsus?

During this trip of eighty days, they

traveled twenty-five hundred miles; by sea, ten days; by wagons, twenty days; by horseback, two days; twelve different times they were able to use railway service. Only once did they require escort, that was on their horseback trip over the Taurus Mountains.

Strange doors of unexpected opportunity opened right and left, not for Association organization in every instance, but for helpfulness to girls. From one Turkish normal school under government auspices came an invitation to lecture on pedagogy to the senior class; in a large Greek Orthodox school for girls Miss Gage's advice was asked regarding self-governing clubs as a way of meeting the great problems opening up in the lives of young girls, and here an attempt was made to adapt

some of the Camp Fire honors to the needs of Turkish girls; in a Gregorian Armenian school, the priest presided at a Sunday meeting, attended by four hundred women and girls, blessing the people, leading in their chants, and introducing Miss Gage who spoke in Turkish.

To the first annual meeting of the Union of Christian Associations in the Turkish Empire, which convened in Constantinople, the women's secretary brought a stirring report. Although none of the schools she saw in Asia Minor could claim college rank, yet their graduates were certain to be called on as leaders in their communities in every region of Asia Minor and southern Europe. Hence they were urged to form their own cabinets and

committees, calling upon the American teaching force, chiefly, for an advisory officer. In this way, independence of character and initiative in work might be reached. These student members carried on mission study classes, using the regular American text books; they made contributions for 'foreign missions' and sent them through the Woman's Board of the Interior in Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.; they devised social service which expressed itself through teaching the industrial girls working near the school; they had Bible study and evangelistic meetings, devotional services led by members; and summer vacation extension for which plans were made long in advance. This sounds very much like America, does it not? But here everything was poly-

Cabinet of the Young Women's Christian Association, American Collegiate Institute, Smyrna

Miss Gage and Miss Willard seated in center

glot, the model constitution and pledge cards for full and fellowship members were asked for in Turkish, English, Armenian and Greek.

Not so uniform were the so-called city Associations which she found in nearly every sizable center. Alike, however, they were in this, that none had a main building or all-round activities, and all hoped for trained leadership some day from America

So much for the first survey.

With part of her parish thus known, there was still an important interior trip to be made. This was arranged for the autumn of 1914, and although war had broken out, she maintained that there was no unusual danger in traveling at that time. She did have to own up to the greatest difficulty in securing

a good team, harness, and wagon, as nearly everything had been commandeered in the mobilization of the troops. Miss Gage's courier on this trip proved to have commandeering gifts of his own, which he used with a free disregard for the ninth commandment. Some of his extravagances were mere figures of speech, as that a certain station was forty times as high as Marsovan (the recorded altitude of which is twenty-three hundred feet), but his explanation to strangers, at one time, that his passenger was the president of the Marsovan schools, or an inmate of the harem of an army officer, at another, brought her consternation instead of amusement. They drove through fruit orchards denuded before their time, and along solitary roads, which would have

been filled in days of peace with trains of loaded camels and donkeys. At times, they started at half past two or three in the morning and slipped out from the dirty khan before the other travelers were awake, out into the open country where mountains, enveloped in misty clouds, seemed to entice them on.

At the end of the first week, she was in Sivas, the capital of the Villayet, in which Marsovan is located. Here the American Board has a splendid system of public schools attended by eleven hundred Armenian pupils and culminating in a Teachers' College for men and a High School for girls, both residential. But not for these and other school girls alone did Frances Gage's heart go out in compassion, but to the three thousand young women and little

girls working in rug factories, from ten to fourteen hours a day, and earning for that cruel span of time, from five to twenty-five cents. 'I often think,' she wrote us, 'of the wise way Jesus introduced Himself and his gospel to the people, by doing the thing they so pitifully needed when He healed their sick. I think now, if He were here, He would just find a way to rest all these tired little bodies, and to give them some good food and then tell them to keep themselves pure and good through love to Him.'

To the school girls in Sivas as elsewhere she had conveyed the western spirit of working and playing together. People who object to well-bred American undergraduates indulging in a 'college yell,' will be relieved to notice

from the following report that the club yell has suffered a sea change en route to Turkey and has been softened to a 'trill.'

Sivas, Turkey, February 19, 1915.

Dear Miss Gage:

As it was your and also our desire, I am going to write you about our four clubs, what they have learned and done till now.

One of the clubs called Jasper is led by Miss Sara Khacherian, and is studying Oriental politeness; they have learned how to be polite in the family, in societies and in any place. Once they prepared a social and invited the other three clubs. . . . They have their trill and motto which is 'Work and Shine.'

The other one, led by Miss Armenouhi Shahrigian, is studying hygiene. They have learned how to keep their whole body clean and to have a good position of body. They have learned also how

to take good care of babies, how to wash it, how to feed and clothe it. They are yet on that subject. Their motto is, 'Duty before Pleasure.' The leader has not prepared yet the trill, but she is going to do it. Their name is Sapphire.

The third one has story-telling as the subject of their learning. The stories are chosen from the Bible, from the American history and from traditions. Their motto is, 'Do Your Best,' and their name is Jacinth.

The fourth one that is composed of the girls of fifth class is led by me. It is a little library society in which they study the Armenian writers, about the short history of Armenia and the rules to write. Their motto is, 'To be a conscious Armenian,' and their name is Margaret or Pearl.

All the clubs are very good; they love their work and are trying very hard to do their best. They give ten paras a month. Miss Rice bought for them symbols, each having the colors of their name.

Give my greetings to all Y. W. C. A. members there, and for you receive a sincere love.

From your friend,
ZABEL VAHOONI.

Even her intrepid spirit saw that the visitation beyond Harpoot must be abandoned and she pushed back to Marsovan for the first 'war winter.' It was not their isolation, nor the fact that mails, even though safe, reached them irregularly, that troubled them; nor the way that factions or local officials ignored agreements made by higher authorities—'individual men are mean by nature,' was an incidental explanation for that—these did not bring such distress of heart to Miss Gage and her colleagues, as did the destitution of the people from whom food, lamp-oil, sew-

ing machines, cloth, all kinds of supplies had been taken under excuse of martial law.

The little Young Women's Christian Association in the city of Marsovan, with Miss Gage standing back of it, opened up a lace industry which gave employment to three hundred poor girls and women, and for which she stripped the market of thread which was selling at fifteen cents a spool. And this when the younger women were not allowed by their mothers-in-law—those enforcers of etiquette—to be seen on the streets even bound for an Association meeting. Good social form dictated that they should stay in the house and mourn over their anxieties and troubles. She was also chairman of a committee that carried on gingham-weaving for a

hundred women who could be taught to do bobbin-winding and weaving, and she was implored to go out to other towns to set on foot similar relief there.

This first war winter occupied her at the student Association, too. Never had the religious interest been more genuine in the girls' school. Fifteen, at least, joined the church and many were learning from their secretary how to be personal evangelists. Such was the state of things when she went down to Constantinople in the summer of 1915 for consultation on Association affairs.

Every girl who has sympathized with Evangeline as she has read the story of Longfellow's heroine, who was driven from home with the people of her village, has thought that the exile of a

whole colony was the incident only of a past and barbarous age. Alas, that war continues the barbarous customs of other generations even into this twentieth century.

It was under the guise of war that the old persecution of Armenians by Turks broke out again that summer. But exile rather than open massacre was the method used. Place after place, to which Christian school girls had returned home, was reached by the order for deportation.

There was always a choice offered. 'No, I cannot be false to my Lord,' answered the president of one of the student Associations, when her relatives were turning Moslem and she was implored to do the same. And she held

a last meeting with the school girls before they all left.

Another graduate of that very commencement time was sought by wealthy Turks for a bride. She very quietly mounted her ox-cart with her mother saying, 'I can never deny my Lord. Was I not president of the Christian Association?'

From Marsovan first the men and boys were carried off, then the families, old and young together destined for the desert, a month's journey away. Then a demand was made for the Armenians at the American Mission and on the tenth of August the campus was invaded and the Armenians taken from the college and hospital.

The next day Frances Gage returned. She returned to the very building

against which the bullets had struck in the massacre of twenty years before when she had prayed for the deliverance of the girls in her class room. Now, all the school girls of Turkey were her charge, and she knew that from every Association the Armenian members were being dragged away to Turkish harems or to Syrian deserts.

Yet her first service was to the girls of Marsovan, for at daybreak the outer gate was forced open and fourteen horse carts, most of them without springs, or seats, or covers, drove up to the school door. Protest or resistance was useless. Sixty-two students, young teachers and servants were packed in, provided with a few essentials and driven away and when the caravan halted at the edge of the city each was

asked to 'change her name,' with the direst prospects as an alternative to becoming a Moslem. Not one of the wretched, agonizing girls, huddling in the open carts behind the sheets, which they had adopted after the fashion of Turkish women, yielded to the offers or threats.

Miss Willard and Miss Gage tried to go with them, but too late it was discovered that the transportation permits which they had secured were incorrectly made out. They might not even follow at a distance. It took six days to make them right. Then they fairly flew. Miss Gage was passing over the route of the last autumn; gendarmes and officers knew her. God used that acquaintance, and her knowledge of Turkish.

On their pursuit, the two friends passed great trains of deported people, three thousand in each company, mostly walking; some clinging to their loads on donkeys or ox-carts; women carrying babies in cradles on their backs; old people with great bags of stuff on their shoulders; men bound together in fours, just a reeling mass of humanity among the animals, fairly eating dust as they breathed. These people came from the Black Sea villages, and had already been on the way twenty-two days.

Over and over again our friends lost hope; they telegraphed the governor at Sivas to hold the girls until they could reach them, but he was out of town. They got on the track of them, but the party had been divided, fourteen were missing. One had professed the Mos-

lem faith and had been married to a Turk; the others were carried off by another road. 'According to Fate, as the people in this country would say, we reached Sivas just an hour before the girls. Forty-eight of our party are here, at the American School with us, waiting for the governor to return and give his answer as to their future. The president of the Marsovan student Association is here, also the treasurer, the president of the city Association and many members.' This was her quiet word in the very intensity of suspense as to that future.

After the momentous interview which set them free to return to Marsovan, she reports, 'You might say that the Boli courteously gave us back fifty girls.' But to her intimate friends

she said, 'The result was directly of God, nothing we could do was even slightly adequate, so many had tried and failed. This was just one of God's miracles.'

Since Constantinople was the headquarters of the committee with which Miss Gage was working, it was natural that she should go into residence there for a time. Her office was established in the American Bible House in Stamboul. From her desk window, she saw the minarets and domes and cypress trees relieving the line of high buildings. In front of her stretched the Golden Horn full of war-pent craft. From the side window, the Bosphorus, blue and calm, and between the two the famous Galata bridge. Here was a center from which to work quietly to-

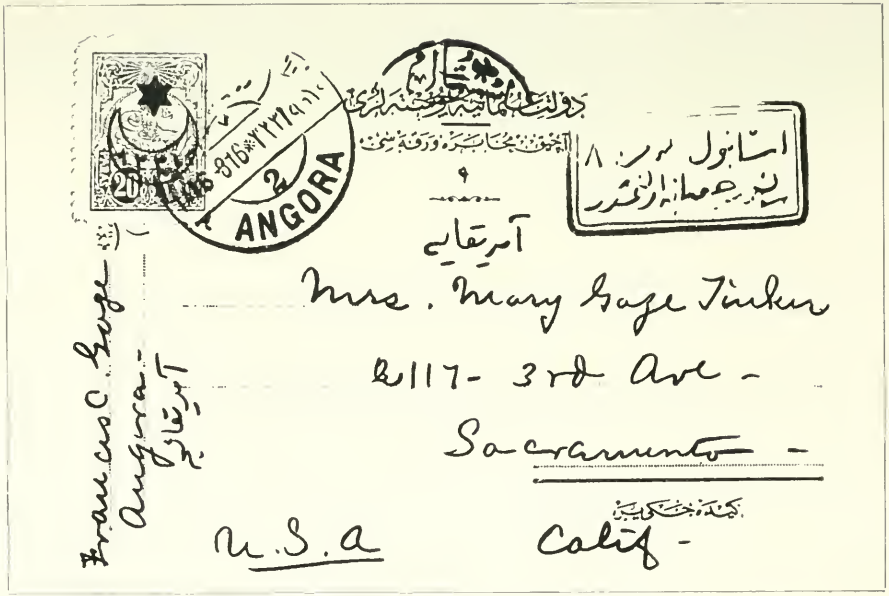
View of Constantinople College, showing buildings already completed

ward that true city Young Women's Christian Association, that expression of Christianity for which she believed all Turkey stood in sore need.

Half her time she spent at Constantinople College, in the capacity of instructor in curriculum Bible, and resident secretary of the student Association of the college, for Anna Welles, who had come with her in that capacity, had retired. This marvel of the East, the only really standard college for women in the Empire, has received well-considered gifts from some of the leading philanthropists of America, for construction, endowment and scholarship purposes. Although the imposing scheme of building is not yet completed, yet the administration building, dormitory, and other units are erected with

such taste and perfection of equipment, that to a beauty-loving soul, the æsthetic conditions enhance all the other values, educational, social, and religious. Miss Gage loved the intermingling with the cosmopolitan student body, and teacher as she always was, she loved the stimulus of other active intellects. But she was content there only because she could not travel over her wide field. The Association members were scattered and nothing could be accomplished. More than that, the status of a woman traveling alone for an organization of this kind in these days of unrest would be questionable.

Relief work here, as well as in Marsovan, was on her hands, but in May of 1916, there arrived from Marsovan the entire staff of Americans. The mission



Postcard mailed on her last journey

buildings had been requisitioned on a military order, as Marsovan was considered to be in the war zone. Anxious days followed; with thoughts of the school girls, and the deaf and dumb children; all the shepherdless people in the city were on her heart. When one argument after another had failed to secure permits to return, Miss Gage, with that whimsical impulsiveness which was a dominant note in all her diplomacy, remarked: 'But I must go back to get my clothes.' On that explanation, perfectly reasonable to the officials, a party of five was allowed to leave! By train to Angora—on the 'Berlin-Bagdad Bahn,' then five days by wagon home to Marsovan.

And then followed a strange and almost serene experience in the midst of

a capsized world. The greater part of their buildings was occupied by soldiers; two thousand sick men were being cared for here. The girls and the deaf children had part-time lessons, being assigned to help in the hospitals, to do sewing and knitting, and all kinds of patriotic service. They planted glorious gardens of yellow daffodils bordered with violets, and purple hyacinths bordered with cyclamen, and red tulips bordered with daisies, and white narcissus bordered with primroses, and, in the middle of all, a plot of good green grass. They made wonderful preserves of egg plant and squash to eat with their war-bread and tea for breakfast, and as sugar was a dollar a pound, they boiled grape juice to a syrup to produce these confections. As kerosene cost three

dollars a gallon, they used a poppy-oil lamp for a substitute, although it was sticky and did not give much light. They rummaged in what was left of their friends' supplies to find shoes and sewing materials and other necessities, since shoes cost twenty dollars a pair, and were scarce at that.

Their only fear was lest their families at home should be concerned for them, when they themselves were having 'the time of their lives.' They also called for reinforcements for 'weekly such questions are to be settled as should occupy the minds of international diplomats.'

But not that way did relief come.

CHAPTER V

THE EXPLORATION AND THE ENTERPRISE

CHAPTER V

COULD the girls who graduated in June, 1917, have known what sort of commencement was in store for their beloved head, their own sorrow would have been too blinding for them to have realized her advantage. It had come to the pass that Frances Gage's nervous reserve was exhausted and could no longer spur on her flagging physical forces. From the beautiful sleeping porch of one of the private houses of the station, she looked out on the wheat fields and the beloved mountains. A good Greek doctor and a devoted nurse were on duty. Miss Willard, who loved her, was with her. But at sunset, on

Saturday, the fifteenth of July, there was a release of her spirit from her worn body. She met the supreme experience of one who had joyfully denied herself, and taken up her cross and followed Christ; she came into his presence and joy forever more.

Twenty-four hours later, three hundred people, Turks and Greeks, and the pitiful Armenian remnant, came to pay honor to one who had understood and loved and forgiven and helped. Then she was laid to rest in the little cemetery beside Marlie King. All who stood there realized, the military officers, and the suffering poor, and the little children alike, that she had laid down her life for Turkey, and as a witness to the love of the Son of God for the Turkish people.

People would never forget her; they had not forgotten her, those in America who had known her as girl and woman, those in Turkey who met her in capital or province.

'My mother always remembers her graduating oration, "The Philosophy of Effort," and much water has run under the bridge since 1890.'

'Who was the lady with you last week at the Seminar?' asked a world-renowned philosophy professor, habitually oblivious to even his graduate students, much more to stray visitors.

'Are you a friend of Frances Gage? She was the greatest woman I know.' So spoke an ambassador of our government.

Tennyson must have known a similar

spirit, for he certainly wrote these lines of one like her:

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death, if the wages of virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Why will she not die? Because she was vital to other people. No one forgot her, perhaps because she forgot herself, perhaps because she was always projecting something that would count

in life values, and perhaps because she was so truly a whole-souled co-operator with God.

The crises of her life were not wrought out in Turkey, but in Minnesota when she righted her wrong relationship to Jesus Christ, and when she decided to enter college. Having faced these issues in the kingdom of her own thoughts, no disturbances of nations, or races, or religions, or poverty, or disease, or distress, or any other creature could frighten her.

And what of the Road Ahead?

She was the pioneer, but the end of the exploration is only the beginning of the enterprise.

Where a false religion is notably unjust to women, the introduction of the true religion must emphasize righteous-

ness to women. That is why the Young Women's Christian Association must not perish in Turkey, but must call for lives to reveal what Jesus Christ is, yesterday, today and forever, and how He came to bring life more abundant to women.

Frances Gage is still passing on this appeal of a woman from one of the interior cities:

'Don't you see? Didn't you see it in our faces? We are hungry for something. We have had almost nothing in our lives but working and slaving. No one thought of anything for us but that. New opportunities are coming for our daughters and also new dangers which they do not know how to meet. We want something worth while to do. We are only waiting to be led.'

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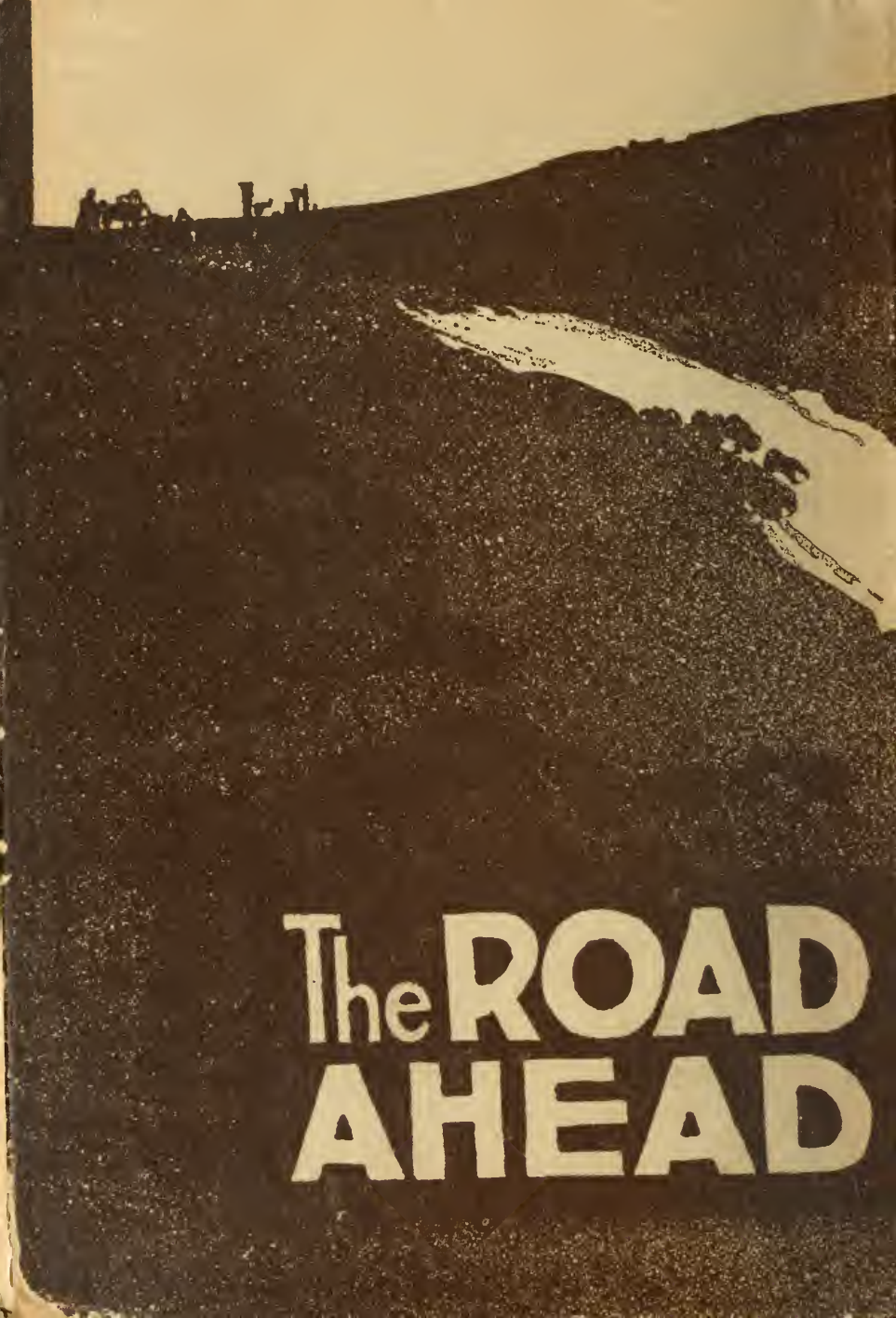
The ROAD
AHEAD